SPRING ISSUE
No. 7

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

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PLASTIC MAN

10¢

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

POLICE COMICS

A-1 COMICS

THESE TITLES ARE TOPS!

LOOK FOR THE SEAL OF QUALITY

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

PACKED WITH 60 PAGES OF ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS

NATIONAL COMICS

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PLASTIC MAN

RIP!

THE EVIL DR. VOLT WAS SUPERCHARGED WITH SHOCKING IDEAS THAT ELECTRIFIED THE POLICE... UNTIL PLASTIC MAN CUT IN TO SHORT CIRCUIT HIS HIGH VOLTAGE SCHEME AND KEEP LIGHTNING FROM STRIKING ONCE IN THE SAME PLACE!

MIDNIGHT... AND THE FURY OF A LASHING STORM....

WHILE ON A RAIN-SWEPT STREET STAND PLASTIC MAN AND HIS FRIEND, WOOZY WINKS!

DAWGONNIT, I'M SICK AND TIRED OF GETTING SOAKED TO THE SKIN!

WOOZY, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO PUT UP THAT UMBRELLA? IT DRAWS LIGHTNING!

AW, PLAS, YOU WANT ME TO CATCH MY DEATH OF COLD, HAH?

THERE! NOW WILL YOU KEEP STILL? I EXPECT THE LITTLE MORON MOB ANY MINUTE! MY TIP SAYS THEY'LL ROB THE BANK AT MIDNIGHT!

SILLY GANG-STERS! GOING OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

MONK!!

SHHH! HERE THEY COME NOW!

LOOK, PLAS! THE LITTLE MORON'S GOT HIS UMBRELLA UP!

IF YOU'RE MATCHING BRAINS WITH HIM I'D SAY IT'S A DRAW!

HURRY IT UP, YOU DOPES!

NEED ANY HELP, BOYS?

YIIIIIIIIKE! PLASTIC MAN AND HIS STOOGE!

SMILE WHEN YUH SAY THAT, BOYS!

GUN HIM DOWN! BLAST HIM!

THE SAME OLD ROUTINE, EH?

OOF!

LET'S WRAP THIS UP AND GET ON TO SOMETHING MORE ORIGINAL!

EXCUSE ME, PLASTIC MAN! I'M GETTING ON MYSELF!

UNKNOWN TO PLASTIC MAN, HE HAS AN AUDIENCE...

DEAR, DEAR! THE LEADER IS ESCAPING AND PLASTIC MAN HAS HIS HANDS FULL! THIS WILL NEVER DO!

I HATE COMMON CROOKS! THEY'RE SO STUPID AND UNIMAGINATIVE AND THEY STEAL THINGS I WANT!

WHA...? STRUCK BY LIGHTNING!

Y-YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT UMBRELLAS, PLAS!

HE'S DEAD! YOU STAY AND GUARD THE BODY, WOOZY, WHILE I DELIVER HIS MOB TO THEIR CELLS! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!

OH, FER GOSH SAKES, PLAS!... A CRIME-FIGHTER OF MY ABILITY RISKING PNEUMONIA FOR A CORPSE?

SSSS

SSSS

HE WON'T RUN AWAY!

AND NEITHER WILL YOU! IF YOU INSIST ON TAGGING ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS!

CURSES! I'M ALL SET TO ROB THE BANK MYSELF AND HE LEAVES THAT JERK ON GUARD! I'LL HAVE TO BLAST HIM WITH MY LIGHTNING!

A FINE PAL PLAS TURNED OUT TO BE! STANDIN' HERE COULD PROVE FATAL!

BUT I *CAN'T* BLAST HIM! I ONLY HAVE *TWO* CHARGES OF LIGHTNING LEFT... AND I NEED THOSE FOR THE OUTER DOOR AND THE VAULT.... *AH! I HAVE IT!*

GOOD EVENING, MY BRAVE FRIEND! I SAW YOU SMASH THAT GANG PRACTICALLY SINGLE-HANDED! MY CONGRATULATIONS!

HUH? WHO? ... OH, YOU *DID?* IT WAS NOTHING, REALLY! PLASTIC MAN HELPED ME A *LITTLE!*

I REPRESENT THE WORLD PRESS! LET ME TAKE YOUR PICTURE AGAINST THE BANK DOOR!

HEH HEH! I'LL BLAST HIM *AND* THE OUTER DOOR WITH ONE BOLT!

WELL AT LAST I'M APPRECIATED!

LIKE THIS?

THAT'S PERFECT! NOW HOLD IT! ONE... TWO... THR...

RAT'S DISTRUST CO.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

SPLAT!

???

PLASTIC MAN!

TRICKY LITTLE GADGET YOU HAVE THERE, DR. VOLT! LUCKY THAT ODD LIGHTNING BOLT MADE ME SUSPICIOUS!

YOU SPOILED MY PICTURE JUMPING IN FRONT OF ME LIKE THAT!

YOU'LL EXCUSE ME? I HAVE TO SEE AN ATOM ABOUT AN ELECTRON!

INGRATITUDE, I CALLS IT!

DON'T RUSH OFF, DR. VOLT!

WHY WASTE ELECTRICITY, DOC? YOU KNOW I'M INSULATED AGAINST YOUR ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING!

QUITE TRUE!

BUT ARE YOU INSULATED AGAINST A TON OR TWO OF ROCK?

CRACK!

LOOK OUT, PLAS!

RASH

OOOH! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

GONE! NOTHING BUT A GREASE SPOT LEFT OF MY BELOVED PLAS!

WOOZY, I'M REALLY TOUCHED!

I BELIEVE THERE'S GENUINE SENTIMENT BEHIND THOSE TEARS!

YIPE! DON'T DO THAT, PLAS! YOU TICKLE!

DR. VOLT GOT AWAY... WHICH MEANS WE'RE IN FOR A PARTICULARLY NASTY CRIME WAVE UNLESS WE RUN HIM TO EARTH!

I DON'T GET THIS, PLAS! WHY DID YOU SPOIL MY PICTURE?

DRINK SANI-

THAT PICTURE WOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR LAST! THAT WAS NO CAMERA! IT WAS AN ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING MACHINE ABOUT TO KILL YOU!

WHAT? WHY, THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING FIEND!

POP!

I OUGHT TO FEED HIM HIS TEETH GARNISHED WITH KNUCKLES!

I'M IN FAVOR OF IT! HE'S A NASTY-MINDED ELECTRICAL GENIUS WHO USES HIS TALENTS FOR CRIME! WE'VE CROSSED WIRES BEFORE!

HIC HIC

...BUT HE NEVER BEFORE HAD ANYTHING AS POWERFUL AS THAT LIGHTNING! NOW I FEAR THE WORST... AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE TO FIND HIM! I DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS REAL NAME!

W.C.T.U.

CHEER UP, PLAS! YOU CAN COUNT ON WOOZY WINKS TO WORK BESIDE YOU UNTIL THAT SCOUNDREL IS BROUGHT TO BOOK!

I APPRECIATE THAT, WOOZY! KNOWING HIS LIGHTNING IS INSTANT DEATH TO ANYONE BUT ME, YOU STILL WANT TO HELP ME!

ULP! DID YOU SAY INSTANT DEATH?

SWAT

REST IN PEACE

!

SO SORRY, OLD PAL!

?

JUST REMEMBERED...

...IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT!

BE SEEING YOU AROUND, I HOPE!

OH, WELL... NOW I CAN CONCENTRATE ON TRAPPING THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE FIEND BEFORE HE BLASTS HALF THE CITY TO RUINS WITH SOME MAD SCHEME!

HIGH MOON DE...

MEANWHILE, THRU SLEEPLESS HOURS-

A FINE THING, WOOZY WINKS! AFTER ALL PLAS HAS DONE FOR YOU, YOU DESERT HIM IN HIS HOUR OF NEED! SHAME! SHAME!

GO AWAY, WILL YOU? I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE! BESIDES, I'M TOO OLD FOR SUCH STRENUOUS ACTIVITIES!

MOTHER GOOSE

LISSEN, STUPID! I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO NAB DOC VOLT BY YOURSELF! BZZZ

BZZZ-BZZZBZZZZZZ

IS THAT A FACT? ALL THE CREDIT MYSELF? HMMM!

I'LL SHOW PLAS WHAT KIND OF A PAL I AM! YOU'RE SURE IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE?

SURE! THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN TO YUH IS TO GET KILLED!

Meanwhile...

BILLS! BILLS! THEY THREATEN TO CUT OFF MY GAS, CUT OFF MY PHONE, CUT OFF MY LIGHTS IF I DON'T PAY! AND I HAVEN'T A PENNY!

AND IT'S ALL THAT G**!!#! PLASTIC MAN'S FAULT!

COUGH

SLURP SLURP

SUPER VITA-MINS

IF HE HADN'T BUTTED IN LAST NIGHT, I'D BE RICH TODAY! HOW CAN I BE A GENIUS WITH *HIM* AROUND?

GRRR!

?

WITH HIM DEAD, I'D SMASH THIS CITY AND WALLOW IN WEALTH! VAULTS WOULD COUGH UP THEIR TREASURES BY THE *MILLIONS!*

IF I ONLY HAD HIM BETWEEN THESE ELECTRODES, I'D GIVE HIM A BOLT OF LIGHTNING THAT NOT EVEN HIS RUBBER BODY COULD WITHSTAND!

I CAN'T EVEN GO DOWNTOWN AND ROB A BANK, BECAUSE I HAVEN'T A NICKEL FOR CAR FARE! THE BITTER IRONY OF IT!

WHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, WOOZY'S GREAT PLAN BEGINS...

LIGHT CO

F.B.I. BUSINESS, SON! YOU CO-OPERATE WITH THE DEPARTMENT, SEE, AND MAYBE YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TRAFFIC TICKETS!

BOY, THE DISGUISES YOU FELLOWS DIG UP! OKAY, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

PAY ELECTRI LIGHT BILLS HERE

JUST SLIP ME THE NAME OF SOMEBODY WHO'S USING AN EXTRA 'BIG LOT OF ELECTRICITY LATELY FOR NO GOOD REASON!

HMMM! SOUNDS LIKE A LITTLE JERK NAMED *AMPERE* WHO'S RENTING THE OLD MORGAN CASTLE! HE'S RUN UP AN AWFUL BILL LATELY!

FINE! KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT AND I MIGHT EVEN COLLECT THE BILL... FOR A FAIR COMMISSION, OF COURSE! SEE YOU LATER!

CLICK!

HOT DOG! PLAS'LL NEVER THINK OF LOCATING DR. VOLT BY ASKING THE LIGHT COMPANY! ALL I GOTTA DO IS GO TO HIS HOUSE, KONK HIM AND DELIVER!

IF PLASTIC MAN COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW! IN ONE STROKE, I'VE FOUND DR. VOLT'S LABORATORY!

IF I JUST HAD A VINE TO CLIMB, I COULD LOOK IN THAT WINDOW!

WELL I'LL BE! MUST NEED GLASSES, I GUESS! I DIDN'T SEE THAT VINE BEFORE! OH, WELL!

IF I COULD JUST TRICK PLASTIC MAN OUT HERE, I'D HAVE HIM! MY GIANT LIGHTNING MACHINE IS TOO HEAVY TO TAKE TO HIM.... HUH??

RING

TCH-TCH! SUCH LANGUAGE! IF I COULD SLIP UP BEHIND HIM, THE CASE OF DR. VOLT WOULD BE ALL FINISHED!

THEN GO AHEAD AND DISCONNECT MY PHONE!

I'LL JUST SNEAK..

WHA..?

I WARNED YOU DIRTY BILL COLLECTORS!

OOPS!

CRACK!

WHY, YOU'RE NO BILL COLLECTOR! YOU'RE PLASTIC MAN'S STOOGE... AND THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYERS!

C-CAN I HI-HELP IT IF I SH-SHAKE?

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

SIT RIGHT THERE! YOU'LL BE BAIT IN MY TRAP FOR PLASTIC MAN... BUT IF YOU STIR, YOU'LL BE DEAD BAIT!

ULP! P-POINT THAT THING SOMEWHERE ELSE, C-CAN'T YUH?

NOW, LET'S SEE... HOW CAN I LET PLASTIC MAN KNOW I'VE GOT HIS STOOGE A PRISONER SO HE'LL COME RUSHING OUT TO RESCUE HIM?

THAT'S EASY, DOC...

...I'LL BE GLAD TO TELL HIM WHEN HE COMES IN!

AWRRK! Y-YOU!

PLAS!

YIIIIKE! D-DON'T ANTAGONIZE HIM, PLAS!

DON'T TOUCH ME OR I'LL BLAST YOUR FRIEND WITH MY LIGHTNING!

IF I GRAB HIM, HE'LL SLAUGHTER WOOZY! A FINE STATE OF AFFAIRS!

YOU WON'T GET FAR, DOC! THE MOMENT YOU'RE OUT OF RANGE, I'LL BE AFTER YOU... AND LIGHTNING CAN'T HURT ME!

HEH! HEH! WHO SAID I WAS GOING ANYWHERE? I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA, DEAR PLASTIC MAN!

THERE! WHEN I STEP OUT, THE DOOR WILL BE BARRED BEHIND ME!

D-DO SOMETHING, PLAS!

SLAM

IN TEN SECONDS, MY SUPER LIGHTNING GENERATOR WILL SMASH EVERYTHING IN THIS ROOM WITH FIFTY MILLION VOLTS, INCLUDING YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND! NOT EVEN YOUR PLASTIC BODY CAN WITHSTAND THAT, PLASTIC MAN!

GOODBYE... AWRRK! THE DOOR... IT'S BARRED, TOO!

P-PLAS, SAVE ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

YOOP!

I DON'T WANT TO DIE, EITHER! HELP! I CAN'T SHUT OFF MY TIME SWITCH, ONCE IT'S STARTED!

THANKS FOR TURNING YOUR LIGHTNING BOX AWAY FROM WOOZY FOR A MINUTE, DOC! GET OUT QUICK, WO'ZY!

SMACK!

Y-YOU TRICKED ME!

HEY! THAT STUFF IS DANGEROUS IN THERE!

POW

EEEAHH! MY BEAUTIFUL LABORATORY... MY LIGHTNING MACHINE... ALL WRECKED... RUINED!

WELL, I HATE TO BRING THIS UP, DOC, BUT IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

I'LL GET AWAY! I'LL GO SOMEWHERE AND START OVER AGAIN!

GRAB 'IM, PLAS!

LET HIM RUN A LITTLE, WOOZY! IT'LL WEAR HIM DOWN SO HE'LL BE EASIER TO HANDLE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME AGAIN!

OH-OH! IT'S GOING TO STORM! I'D BETTER CORRAL DOC AND HEAD FOR SHELTER!

ULP! HOW DID HE DO THAT, PLAS?

HE DIDN'T! THAT'S GENUINE LIGHTNING DRAWN BY THAT LONE TREE!

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL POETIC JUSTICE, EH, PLAS?

LET'S GO, WOOZY! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

AS I REMEMBER IT, THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

PLAS, YOU COULDN'T WORK OUT A PAIR OF RUBBERS FOR ME, COULD YOU? MY FEET ARE GETTING SOAKED!

PLASTIC MAN

NOW the world of crime can see what is meant by *THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW!* Yet there were unscrupulous characters who thought they could escape even *PLASTIC MAN* when they planned the *ONE-WAY VOYAGE OF VILLAINY!*

It began on a beautiful day, the kind that brings out beautiful thoughts....

YES, THE REWARD OF DOING GOOD IS THE PLEASURE OF HAVING DONE IT, WOOZY!

HOW TRUE, PLAS, HOW TRUE! AND I SEE A CHANCE TO DO GOOD RIGHT NOW!

ARE YOU HAVING ANY TROUBLE, MA'AM? WOOZY WINKS IS THE NAME ---MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

BLESS YOU, KIND GENTLEMAN! I CAN'T SEE AND I'M SO TIRED--SO TIRED! WILL YOU READ ME THE ADDRESS ON THIS LETTER? I MUST DELIVER IT!

888 88TH STREET, IT SAYS HERE! THAT'S BLOCKS AWAY!

OH, AND I'M READY TO DROP! HOW CAN I GO THERE, BLIND AS I AM?

DON'T WORRY! TAKE IT EASY--- I'LL DELIVER THIS LETTER FOR YOU!

OH, YOU'RE SO KIND!

WOOZY'S A GOOD JOE AT THAT — GLAD TO DO A FAVOR FOR A POOR OLD BLIND WOMAN, HARDLY ABLE TO CREEP ALONG---

WHAT AM I SAYING? SHE SEEMS SUDDENLY FULL OF ZIP --- AND SHE CERTAINLY DOESN'T MOVE AS IF SHE'S BLIND!

PLASTIC MAN

NOW TO GET RID OF THIS SILLY DISGUISE!

I'LL JUST ASK HER HOW...

KEEP YOU CITY CLEAN

A BLIND WOMAN -- DID SHE GO UP THIS STREET?

NO! I SAW NO BLIND WOMAN COME THIS WAY!

IT'S SOME SORT OF PUT-UP JOB ON WOOZY -- AND HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! WHAT WAS THAT ADDRESS HE READ ON THE LETTER HE WAS TO DELIVER?

While PLASTIC MAN tries to remember the address...

I GOT A LETTER A POOR OLD LADY WAS DELIVERING TO 888 88TH STREET!

YES, WE'RE WAITING! COME INSIDE... WE'LL PAY YOU!

888

NO, THANKS! I DON'T WANT PAY! GOOD DEEDS ARE ENOUGH OF A CROWN FOR ME!

YOU WANT TO BE CROWNED, EH? WELL, WHY NOT?

POW!

GILDA WRITES HERE, "THIS IS THE LAST MAN I'LL SEND YOU!" THAT MEANS SHE'LL MEET US ON BOARD, WHISKERS!

HE'LL COMPLETE THE CREW WE NEED! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT THE BACK WAY TO THE PIER!

A short time later...

888 88TH STREET --- I'M SURE THAT WAS IT!

88TH ST

HERE'S THE PLACE! BUT NOBODY ANSWERS ---AND THE DOOR'S LOCKED!

THE PLACE IS EMPTY! IF WOOZY WAS HERE, HE'S GONE NOW!

BUT THE BACK DOOR'S OPEN --- AND RIGHT ON THE WATERFRONT! THERE'S A FELLOW ON THE PIER --- I'LL FIND OUT IF HE SAW WOOZY!

Aboard ship...

OHHH! WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE NOT ABOARD A LUXURY LINER, BUB! GET UP AND GO TO WORK! UP THE MAST AND SET THE SAIL!

YEP, I SEEN SECH A FELLER AS YE DESCRIBE ---THEY CARRIED HIM ABOARD YON SAILIN' SHIP!

SHIP? THERE'S NO SHIP!

WELL, SALT ME DOWN AN' CALL ME *PEANUTS*! IT MUSTA UPPED ANCHOR AN' SAILED AWAY WITH THE TIDE!

WOOZY! **WOOZY!**

PLASTIC MAN

BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SETTING SAILS, MISTER!

LEARN FAST, THEN, OR I'LL PUT ANOTHER KNOT ON YOUR CONK!

MY, MY, MY! I DON'T LIKE THIS SHIP!

I WAS SHANGHAIED LIKE YOU, MATE! SO WAS THE OTHERS IN THE CREW! AND I KNOW WHY— TELL YE TONIGHT ON THE FO'CASTLE!

HELLO, PORT AUTHORITY! I'M TRYING TO TRACE--

THE ONLY SAILING VESSEL THAT CLEARED SAILED SOUTH BEFORE THE WIND! WE DON'T KNOW HER NAME OR DESTINATION!

SAILING SOUTH! THAT'S ENOUGH OF A LEAD— MAYBE!

BON VOYAGE, MATEY!

BUST MY BINNACLE, HE'S MAKIN' A *KITE* OF HISSELF, SAILIN' AFORE THE WIND! MAYBE I SHOULDA SAID *HAPPY LANDIN'S!*

ALMOST EVENING --THE MOON'S UP— BY TOMORROW WE'LL BE AT OUR DESTINATION!

YOU KNOW, I SEEN SOMETHING FUNNY JUST NOW--LIKE A BIG **BAT** AGAINST THE MOON!

SEE? THERE IT IS AGAIN!

SOME KIND OF CLOUD, MAYBE--- THOUGH I NEVER SAW A CLOUD THAT SHAPE!

I GOT SHANGHAIED THE SAME WAY YOU DID! ME AND THE OTHERS --DELIVERING A LETTER FOR A POOR BLIND LADY!

WE'LL HAVE THE LAW ON THEM WHEN WE MAKE PORT AGAIN!

WE WON'T MAKE PORT, CHUM! THEY FIGURE TO KILL US ALL JUST BEFORE THEY DROP ANCHOR IN THE HOME HARBOR--- I OVERHEARD 'EM SAY SO!

WHAT KIND OF A VOYAGE IS THIS?

THEY KNOW WHERE A GOVERNMENT SHIP'S SUNK ON A REEF -- FULL OF GOLD! THEY FIGURE TO SPLIT THE TREASURE AMONG 'EM --- AND WE DO THE WORK AND DROWN AT THE END!

BUT THEY'VE GOT TO BRING UP THE GOLD FIRST! I SEEM TO HAVE AN IDEA ---

IF THEY HAVEN'T GOT GEAR, THEY CAN'T DIVE --- AND CAN'T GET THE TREASURE! SO WE'LL LIVE!

YOU OUT-SMARTED, YOURSELF, STUPID!

SPLASH

WITHOUT GEAR, WE CAN'T DIVE -- BUT YOU CAN -- AND WILL!

HEY, I DON'T LIKE THIS JOB! I RESIGN! I QUIT! IN FACT, I'M THROUGH!

ZOOM

SWIMMING UNDER WATER AFTER TREASURE --I MIGHT DROWN!

YOU'LL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD, OR DIE RIGHT NOW!

WHATEVER I SAW UP THERE SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED!

SURE! IT WASN'T ANYTHING!

THERE'S WOOZY, ALL RIGHT! ONE OF THE BOSSES OF THIS SHIP SEEMS TO BE TELLING HIM OFF!

OKAY, OKAY! YOU'VE TALKED ME INTO IT! I'LL DIVE FOR THE TREASURE! WHERE SHALL I DIVE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT TOMORROW!

IT'S A TREASURE WE DON'T INTEND TO MISS... ENOUGH SOLID GOLD BARS TO BUILD A WOODSHED!

HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE SUNKEN GOVERNMENT SHIP! THE CHART TO ITS WHEREABOUTS WAS LOST!

NOW GO TO THE GALLEY AND COOK SUPPER! THERE'LL BE NO SHIRKING ABOARD THIS SHIP!

KLUNK!

I WON'T STRIKE NOW! THESE BIRDS MUST HAVE STOLEN THAT CHART -- THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN LEAD ME TO THE LOST TREASURE!

Afternoon of the following day ---

THERE'S THE PLACE-- THOSE POINTED ROCKS!

THAT'S WHERE THE TREASURE WENT DOWN!

PLASTIC MAN

I CAN SEE SOMETHING DOWN THERE--- IT MUST BE THE SUNKEN SHIP!

AND HERE'S THE LITTLE MEDDLER WHO'S DIVING FOR THE GOLD ON IT!

BUT IF I DON'T FIND IT, I'LL *HAVE* TO COME UP WITHOUT IT! WHAT THEN?

THEN IT'D BE SMARTER NOT TO COME UP AT ALL! OKAY--- *DIVE!*

Unknown, unseen, another form dives smoothly in...

I'LL HAVE A DOUBLE JOB--- TO FISH OUT THE TREASURE ---*AND WOOZY!*

HERE WE ARE! I HOPE THE GOLD WON'T WEIGH ME DOWN!

GOT ME! A SHARK! NO, AN OCTOPUS! NO ---

PLAS! WE'LL GO BACK AND *SHOW* THOSE PIRATES---

QUIET! LOCK THE DOOR OF THE CABIN FROM THE INSIDE! AND STAND BY TO CATCH AND STOW AWAY WHATEVER I BRING UP!

?!?!

GOLD! A FORTUNE! WE'LL BE RICH!

NO! THIS BELONGS TO THE GOVERNMENT! WE'LL RETURN IT, AFTER WE'VE DONE A COUPLE OF GARBAGE-DISPOSAL JOBS!

THE RAVEN

PLASTIC MAN

LOOK! THE KNOT'S UNTIED! THAT LITTLE JERK MUST HAVE DROWNED!

LET ME TAKE OVER! I CAN DIVE BETTER THAN ANYBODY ELSE HERE!

IF I COULD ONLY FIGURE SOME WAY TO SKIN WHISKERS AND BOWLEGS OUT OF THOSE GOLD BARS...

OW--- GLUB! A DEEP-SEA MONSTER!

I SAW SOMETHING HORRIBLE--- A LONG NECK --A TERRIBLE FACE!

SAVE YOUR GHOST STORIES, GILDA! NOBODY LOOKS LIKE THAT BUT PLASTIC MAN, AND HE'S NOWHERE WITHIN A DAY'S VOYAGE!

YEEEOW! I'M SEEING THINGS, I HOPE!

QUICK, BOWLEGS! BRING GUNS--- KNIVES --- AXES!

HE DODGES ALL AROUND MY BULLETS!

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DODGE THIS AXE!

I MISSED, TOO! GET HIM, BOWLEGS!

THUNK

JUST LIKE DRIVING A NAIL INTO THE FLOOR—

NO—LIKE OPENING THE LID OF A JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

I'M GETTING OUT! BETTER TO TRY TO *SWIM* ASHORE FROM HERE THAN STAY WITH *PLASTIC MAN!*

WAIT, LADY! STAY ABOARD!

SOMEBODY HAS TO SAIL THIS SHIP HOME AGAIN—

I'LL GIVE YOU MY SHARE IN THE SHIP—ONLY LET ME GO!

NO, MA'AM! WE WERE KIDNAPPED INTO A HARD VOYAGE OUT—WE'RE LOAFING ON THE WAY HOME! YOU PIRATES WILL DO THE WORK!

THAT'S AN IDEA, PAL! *TAKE CHARGE!*

WE'LL PUT A WATCH CHARM ON THIS DAME! THEN SHE WON'T SWIM AWAY!

WAKE UP, YOU SWABS! TIME TO PUT ABOUT AND MAKE FOR HOME PORT!

WHO'S THERE? ANIMAL, VEGETABLE, OR MINERAL?

NONE... **PLASTIC!** OPEN UP, WOOZY--THE TROUBLE'S OVER!

BUT WHO'LL GUARD THE TREASURE?

THAT'S MY JOB! TAKE THE WHEEL AND TELL THEM TO GET THE ANCHOR UP!

UP THAT MUD-HOOK, ME HEARTIES! WITH A HEAVE AND A HO ... AND QUICK'S THE WORD -- OR I MIGHT GET MAD!

LOOK, HAVE A HEART! I'LL GO STRAIGHT! MY RECORD WILL BE **CLEAN!**

CLEAN, THE LADY SAYS! GLAD YOU REMINDED ME! HERE, SCRUB THE DECK!

YOU'RE A BRUTE, *PLASTIC MAN!* YOU'RE A SLAVE-DRIVER! YOU'RE NO GENTLEMAN!

OH-OH! WHAT ***SHE*** ***SAID!***

WOOZY

NOW LOOK CLOSELY AT THIS SCENE ... THEN TELL ME THE CONCLUSIONS TO WHICH YOUR OBSERVATIONS LEAD YOU!

THAT'S AN EASY ONE, PROFESSOR! IT'S MOVING DAY!

PROFESSOR RUDGE'S MIND TRAINING SCHOOL

CHASE NAT'L BANK

AND DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN WITH SUCH A SCREWY REQUEST, WOOZY ... TO GIVE YOU AN ASSIGNMENT THAT'LL SHOW PLASTIC MAN YOU CAN HANDLE A CASE ON YOUR OWN!

WHY YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GOT THE *MIND* ... LET ALONE THE *TRAINED* MIND YOU NEED FOR F.B.I. WORK!

F.B.I.

SCRAM

B-B-B-BUT... OOOF!

PLASTIC MAN

TSK! TSK! SUCH A NERVOUS, IRRITABLE PERSONALITY!

AND SUCH UNJUST ACCUSATIONS! OF COURSE, I HAVE A MIND! DOESN'T PLASTIC MAN ALWAYS SAY I MIND EVERY-BODY'S BUSINESS? IF I DIDN'T HAVE A MIND, WHAT COULD I MIND IT WITH?

AS FOR NOT HAVING A TRAINED MIND, I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT? I SAY, MAYBE THEY COULD TELL ME IN HERE!

PROFESSOR RUDGE'S MIND TRAINING COURSE

UNH-UH! DON'T TELL ME! I KNOW EXACTLY WHY YOU CAME HERE!

YOU DO?

NATURALLY! MY TRAINED MIND MAKES IT SIMPLE FOR ME TO READ IN YOUR FACE EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE THINKING! YOU'VE COME FOR HELP! I SEE BEFORE ME A MAN WITH A FINE BRAIN!

AHEM... WELL... ER... IT ISN'T BAD, AT THAT!

BUT IT LACKS DIRECTION! IT NEEDS TRAINING! WITH TRAINING, THERE'S NO TELLING TO WHAT HEIGHTS IT COULD SOAR!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! SOMEBODY ELSE WAS SAYING THE SAME THING IN A SORT OF ROUNDABOUT WAY ONLY A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

BAM!

YOU'RE AN INTELLIGENT MAN! IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO CONVINCE YOU! SIGN HERE, PAY ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND YOU'RE ENROLLED IN OUR COURSE!

KONK

PLASTIC MAN

A FINE SIGNATURE... FULL OF CHARACTER! NOW THE MONEY!

ELEVEN NINETY-ONE... ELEVEN NINETY-TWO.. I GUESS THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT! ELEVEN DOLLARS AND NINETY-TWO CENTS!

I'LL TAKE IT! WE MAKE EXCEPTIONS IN THE CASE OF A PROMISING PUPIL! SOMETIME DURING YOUR COURSE WE'LL FIND A WAY FOR YOU TO EARN THE ADDITIONAL NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-EIGHT DOLLARS AND EIGHT CENTS!

GOSH! THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL PEOPLE I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!

WE'LL START YOUR TRAINING AT ONCE! FIRST, A LITTLE LESSON IN OBSERVATION! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW THROUGH THESE!

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

A HOUSE!

REMARKABLE! YOU'RE GETTING ALONG SPLENDIDLY! IT *IS* A HOUSE — A BIG STONE MANSION! I WANT YOU TO GO THERE AND LOOK INTO IT! IT'S THE BEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR TRAINING YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION!

WHEN YOU COME BACK, YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU OBSERVED!

I WON'T MISS A THING!

WHAT'S IN THE FIRE, PROFESSOR?

A FATHEAD! HE'S GOING TO CASE THE DIGLEY MANSION FOR ME WITHOUT KNOWING IT!

PLASTIC MAN

GIVE OUT WITH MORE DATA AND INFORMATION!

HE THINKS IT'S PART OF HIS TRAINING! TODAY I READ IN THE PAPER THAT GOLD STRIKE DIGLEY, THE MILLIONAIRE PROSPECTOR, JUST GOT BACK FROM A YUKON EXPEDITION WITH A LOAD OF GOLD!

SO I FIGURE, BEFORE DIGLEY CAN GET IT SOLD, HE'LL KEEP IT IN HIS HOUSE... HE ALWAYS BRAGS THAT CROOKS ARE AFRAID TO ENTER THE PLACE! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE GOLD IS AND WHO, IF ANYBODY, IS GUARDING IT!

ALONG COMES THE DUMBEST LOOKING CHARACTER EVER TO WALK INTO MY SCHOOL! RIGHT AWAY I SEE AN ANGLE! I CAN ONLY TAKE HIM FOR ELEVEN DOLLARS AND NINETY-TWO CENTS... BUT I CAN USE HIM!

HE'LL FIND OUT WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, AND AFTER WE DO THE JOB, THE COPS'LL LOOK FOR A LITTLE FAT GOOF WHO WAS SEEN PROWLING AROUND THE GROUNDS OF THE DIGLEY MANSION!

INGENIOUS, PROFESSOR!

At the Digley Mansion...

THIS SHOULD BE A SNAP!

PUT THE BARS OVER HERE, SHIRLEY!

HMM! I CAN'T SEE VERY WELL, BUT I CAN HEAR!

THAT'S FINE, SHIRLEY!

NOW WE'LL PUT THE NUGGETS HERE, EVELYN!

I'VE GOT IT! A COUPLE OF GALS ARE PREPARING FOR A PARTY! THEY'RE LAYING OUT THE CANDY BARS AND NUGGETS!

Back at the school...

NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU OBSERVED!

FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY! A COUPLE OF GIRLS ARE RUNNING IT!

EXCELLENT! COMMENDABLE! YOU'RE A STAR PUPIL! JUST FOR THAT, YOU MAY LEAVE SCHOOL EARLY TODAY!

OH, THANK YOU, PROFESSOR!

PAT! PAT!

I'LL BET, WITH A LITTLE PRACTICE, I CAN BECOME THE BEST OBSERVER THE PROFESSER HAS EVER SEEN! LET'S SEE... I'LL COUNT THE NUMBER OF BUILDINGS FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE CORNER! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...

GROCERY

EIGHT BUILDINGS! WAIT'LL I TELL THAT TO THE PROFESSOR TOMORROW! I'LL BET NONE OF HIS OTHER PUPILS EVER NOTICED THAT! BOY, AM I TRAINING MY MIND!

DANGER
MEN AT WORK

I'VE GOT RESULTS, BOSCO! THE SIMP CASED THE DIGLEY JOINT! DIGLEY'S SO SURE OF HIMSELF HE'S LETTING A COUPLE OF GALS HANG AROUND... PROBABLY THOSE DEBUTANTE NIECES OF HIS... AND THEY'RE PUTTING ON A PARTY THERE!

A PARTY WE MUST NOT FAIL TO ATTEND! LET'S GO!

PLASTIC MAN

THE DIVE'S AWFULLY QUIET FOR A PARTY!

VERY OBSERVANT, BOSCO, BUT AS I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, THE OBVIOUS CONCLUSION DRAWN FROM AN OBSERVATION IS NOT ALWAYS THE RIGHT ONE!

DIGLEY HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE YUKON! THEREFORE, IF HIS NIECES ARE THROWING A PARTY FOR HIM, WHAT COULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE THAN TO MAKE IT A SURPRISE PARTY?

HENCE THE SILENCE WHICH THE GUESTS EXPECT TO BREAK WITH A LOUD NOISE UPON THE APPEARANCE OF DIGLEY!

YOUR LOGIC IS UNBEATABLE, PROFESSOR! AND CLIMBING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW IS ANOTHER LAUDABLE NOTION, IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT WE ARE NEVER POPULAR WITH BUTLERS AT FRONT DOORS!

WE STEPPED INTO THE RIGHT ROOM! THERE IT IS··· OURS FOR THE TAKING!

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING SO BEAUTIFUL?

THIEVES, SHIRLEY!

UNQUESTIONABLY, EVELYN!

DON'T BE ALARMED, BOSCO! A COUPLE OF SNOOPING FEMALES! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM!

FEMALES? BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE BARITONE VOICES?

AN UNPARDONABLE OVERSIGHT ON MY PART, BOSCO! THEIR PARENTS SHOULD BE ASHAMED FOR HAVING GIVEN TWO SUCH BRAWNY MEN GIRLS' NAMES!

YOU LEAVE OUR PARENTS OUT OF THIS, YOU CROOKS!

Meanwhile...

HONK HONK

GRAWK! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

SCREECH SCREECH

THOSE GALS HAD DEEP BARITONE VOICES AND I DIDN'T EVEN MAKE A NOTE OF IT! I'LL GO BACK AND FIND OUT THE REASON SO THAT I CAN REPORT IT TO THE PROFESSOR!

OH, YOU'RE HERE, PROFESSOR! I JUST DROPPED IN TO FIND OUT WHY THOSE GIRLS I OVERHEARD HAD SUCH DEEP VOICES!

DON'T BOTHER! WE'VE ALREADY FOUND OUT!

A CONFEDERATE, SHIRLEY!

BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT, EVELYN!

THOSE NAMES! THOSE WERE THE NAMES I HEARD!

BANG!

NOW YOU *KNOW!* SHOVE HARD, BOSCO! THESE GUYS DIDN'T HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO KEEP WATCHING US!

THE THIEF WAS RIGHT, SHIRLEY! WE WERE THOUGHTLESS!

EXCUSE ME! I NEED A FEW DAYS TO FIGURE OUT THE COMPLICATIONS!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

BANG BANG BA BA

GOT IT AFTER ALL, BOSCO! A STRONG ELEMENT OF GOOD LUCK CAN BE USEFUL, EVEN TO A GENIUS! WE'LL HIDE THE GOLD IN THE BUILDING RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO THE SCHOOL!

IT'S BEEN PROVEN THAT AN OBVIOUS HIDING PLACE IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TO FIND!

BRILLIANT, PROFESSOR!

I'LL DROP IN ON THE PROFESSOR! HE'LL HELP ME FIGURE IT ALL OUT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO LOOK TO FIND THE SCHOOL! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS COUNT EIGHT HOUSES FROM THE CORNER!

RING!

RING!

BING

BONG

..EIGHT!

THERE HE GOES, EVELYN!

AFTER HIM, SHIRLEY!

THE FELLOW'S ON OUR SIDE, SHIRLEY! HE LED US RIGHT TO THE GOLD!

BEFORE I FORGET, PROFESSOR, DID YOU EVER OBSERVE THAT IT'S EIGHT HOUSES FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE CORNER?

OH-H! I SEE IT ALL NOW! YOU COUNTED EIGHT HOUSES FROM THE *WRONG CORNER!* THAT'S HOW YOU FOUND US!

OH, GOLLY, IT'S GETTING COMPLICATED AGAIN!

Next day...

DIGLEY'S MY NAME, SIR! THAT GOLD WAS SOLD AND EARMARKED FOR THE U.S. TREASURY! BUT WHERE WAS THE F.B.I. WHEN THIS BRAVE LAD SAVED IT FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THIEVES?

SO THERE!

PLASTIC MAN

THE GLASS PLANET

"NOW that the projectile is built, what are are you gonna do with it?"

Jim Blane stood in the huge lab looking at the gleaming monster resting on its runway.

"Do with it?" grinned Monte Poole, inventor. "We're goin' to the moon, stupid!"

Blane nodded. "Just because they've been able to shoot rockets to the moon is no reason for you guys to think you can make it—and live."

"Why not?" Monte picked up a batch of drawings. "Nobody knows what happened to those rockets, except that they landed. Their instruments did little good. Now, with someone aboard—"

"Yeah, Monte," interposed Blane. "With someone aboard. Fine. But aren't you forgetting a little item?"

Monte smiled with a superior air. "I'm not liable to. You're referring to the changing temperatures, of course. We've got that whipped. Take a look."

Monte held out a drawing. "See those suits? Wear one of those and you can stand either temperatures of hundreds above or hundreds below zero. Does that answer your question?"

Jim nodded. "Well, it looks as if you've got it whipped then. Good luck, Monte. When you taking off?"

"Tonight." said Monte "Six of us."

"Sure you can get back?" Jim asked.

"Reasonably so. If we don't——"

Jim grinned. "Might be worse things than living on the moon. Well, I'll stick close to my beamcaster."

The year of 1953 had been one of mighty advance in science. Atomic energy was in common use. Radar contact had been made with numerous planets and even radiophone service was working between Venus and the earth. The Venusians had launched a rocket and landed in Santa Monica, and now people were going back and forth frequently.

But one thing science wanted to conquer was the moon—its terrible temperatures—and learn something of its inhabitants. If it had any. No one knew.

Monte Poole had not only invented a different type of rocket, he had invented suits of plastic material that would withstand the intense cold of sub-zero nights and horribly blazing lunar days. He and his entire crew seemed extremely confident of success.

The Poole projectile took off as scheduled. The world's radar telescreens followed its course through outer space, its seven-hour flight to our sister planet. The screens lost it in the moon's atmosphere, so the landing was invisible. However, the beamscopes kept picking up Monte's messages, flashed from the cold planet.

"We've landed in a great mountain pass," came the words. "It looks like solid ice. It is night now, and the cold is awful—193 below zero! We haven't ventured out as yet, and may wait for daylight, when the temp jumps to far above zero. What will happen to this ice then?"

Hours passed. Days. No more word from Monte and his crew. The beamscopes kept firing messages to Monte. Please answer? What's happened?

Soon after Monte switched off his beamscope, a terrible cosmic storm swept over the moon's surface. It utterly destroyed electrical reception. The storm roared and blasted and shook the very mountains. It was imposible to leave the projectile. Then the day came, and with it burning heat. The machine was insulated for both heat and cold, but the interior grew like a furnace. The air conditioning hardly helped.

Monte watched closely. The icy mountains remained the same under this impact of heat waves. What kind of ice was it that wouldn't melt? Then he stumbled on to the thing: it was not ice but solid glass!

"The moon is covered with a thick coating of glass," he beamed to earth. "We intend to start explorations now—more later."

And that was all Earth heard from the party for another week.

Monte had built a small flyer that would accompany two men. It was fast and powerful, atomic-powered. He and Slim Brown set off one day, flying over the glass mountains.

They crossed one range and looked down upon a vast sea. But there were no waves. It was a sea of glass! They flew down, hovered, and then lightly set the ship onto the glass floor. It was smooth. They could see down many fathoms through the transparent substance: but there was no water visible.

They flew on, crossing more ranges of hills

Once they came over a forest of gigantic trees, all heavily armored in glass. It was an incredible sight, trees hundreds of feet tall, standing like monstrous stalactites on a plain of green glass.

"Only glass everywhere on this side. Let's try the side the earth never sees. We'll be the first to see it."

They were several hours making the epic flight, but at last they reached the dark half of the moon. Here the glass grew less thick, the heat and cold less extreme. Eventually they reached a portion of the planet where the climate was equable and there was no glass. Trees of violent red and blue vegetation vied with garish yellow grasses and vast flowers that looked like gargoyles.

Slim was walking ahead when suddenly he stopped and cried out. "Look, Monte! The biggest cave in the world!"

Monte came around the bend of the hill and stared before him. It was indeed a hole of mighty proportions. It yawned across a mountain face at least a mile wide and more than that in height. It was dark inside.

"Let's explore it," he said. They went back and piled into the little ship. Then they were flying through the darkness of this gigantic tunnel. They flew for hours, the tunnel varying little in size.

Where did it lead?

The little ship suddenly began acting rather strange. It bucked and trembled as if in the grip of a giant's fist. Great walls of air struck it and Monte had a hard time controlling it. Then abruptly they shot out into a dazzling cavern of truly mighty proportions. Below them was a seething cauldron of liquid fire, boiling and bubbling, its hot gases shooting off in every direction.

"The glass pot," said Monte as he strove to hold the craft on its course. "Would be awful to fall into that inferno."

Slim said, "And here is where the glass comes from. Why, we must be near the center of the moon right now, Monte! It's molten glass!"

Monte chuckled. "And we thought it was made of green cheese! Hey!"

The plane was swept far off its course in a tremendous wave of energy that blinded both lads. Monte had a hard time to keep them from crashing against the walls of the cave—solid glass walls. But he managed to get the little crate steady.

"Look!" shouted Slim, pointing. "She's going to blow off! See all those huge holes—they must lead upward—Look out!"

A great wave of force hurled them ahead at a speed far surpassing that of which the engine was capable. Straight out through the tunnel which they had followed inside, so fast they could see nothing but a constant greenish blur. The ship was out of control.

They shot into daylight as a great roaring thundered behind them. Even out here, hundreds of miles from its source, the wall of force was appalling. They shot far out beyond the moon's atmosphere, and it took them many minutes to get back and on a course for the projectile.

Long before they saw it, they knew it was too late. A huge column of greenish molten glass was pouring from one of the blowholes not far from where they had left the projectile. Monte and Slim could see it now, hundreds of feet below them, solidly encased in a tomb of glass.

"Poor chaps," said Monte. "Why didn't we have sense enough to explore before leaving them where we did?"

"What I'm worried about is how we're gonna get back to Terra Firma. Have you thought of that, Monte?"

Monte hadn't. "Only chance we have is if the boys beamed the earth and asked for help. Otherwise, we're doomed to be moon residents, and I'll swear I don't like the prospect."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of PLASTIC MAN, published quarterly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut } ss.
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the PLASTIC MAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn., Comic Magazines, Inc., 321 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1949.)

PLASTIC MAN

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT A LONELY LIFE A BILL-BOARD LIKE ME SOMETIMES LEADS?

FOR RENT

...HIGH ABOVE THE CITY WITH NO COMPANY BUT THE CLOUDS...

...AND A FEW BIRDS...

...AND ONCE IN A GREAT, GREAT WHILE...

...PLASTIC MAN!

FOR RENT

IF THIS DOESN'T GET HIS ATTENTION, I GIVE UP!

Calling All Cops

AM I BURNED UP? *GRRR!* THE WHOLE THING WAS UNFAIR, UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND UNCALLED-FOR!

AFTER ALL WE'VE MEANT TO EACH OTHER, TOO!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY OR KILL MYSELF! I CAN'T EAT ··· I CAN'T SLEEP!

ALL YOU CAN EAT 50¢

AFTER ALL, THERE'S A LIMIT TO EVERY-THING!

I'M ONLY A SHADOW OF MY FORMER SELF ··· THE PALE GHOST OF WHAT WAS ONCE A HAPPY MAN!

N EAT 50¢

LIVE AND LEARN!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT ··· BY THAT TRAITOROUS STAB IN THE BACK, PLAS HAS ROBBED ME OF ALL THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING!

50¢

WAA-AA! NOT ONLY DID I LET HIM EAT ME OUT OF BUSINESS···

··· BUT I KICKED HIM OUT WITHOUT REMEMBERING TO COLLECT *FIFTY CENTS!*

"PERHAPS YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT ALL THAT HAS TO DO WITH A LONELY BILLBOARD....

I'M AFRAID IT'S HOPELESS!

...MORE THAN YOU DREAM, MY FRIENDS...MORE THAN YOU DREAM!"

THE BEST THING I CAN DO IS TRY TO FORGET! I'LL GO OVER TO THE F.B.I. OFFICE AND SEE THE CHIEF!

...AND WHEN WE SAW THE RIGHT REVERSE SWIRL ON THE FINGERPRINTS WE KNEW INSTANTLY THAT... *PLAS, YOU AREN'T EVEN LISTENING!*

HUH? WHAT?

WHAT'S WRONG, PLASTIC MAN? OUR BEST OPERATIVE.. AND YOU'VE BEEN MOONING LIKE A CALF FOR DAYS! ARE YOU IN LOVE OR SOMETHING?

HEAVEN FORBID, CHIEF! HEH, HEH!

IT'S WOOZY WINKS! I'M AFRAID I'VE OFFENDED HIM BEYOND REPAIR! IN SPITE OF ALL HIS FAULTS WE'VE BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME!

YOU COULDN'T BE AS *CLOSE* AS HE IS! HE'S THE TIGHTEST CHISELER I EVER KNEW!

HE WANTED TO BORROW TEN DOLLARS AND I REFUSED! I GAVE HIM A LECTURE ON GETTING A JOB AND AMOUNTING TO SOMETHING FOR A CHANGE! I'M AFRAID I SAID SOME RATHER CUTTING THINGS ABOUT HIS HABITS! ANYHOW, HE'S VANISHED AND I'M WORRIED!

GOOD RIDDANCE!

YOU DON'T THINK THAT PEST WOULD TRY *SUICIDE*, DO YOU?

N-NO-O! I'M MORE AFRAID THAT HE'LL GET INTO TROUBLE, TRYING TO PROVE TO ME THAT HE CAN BE A SUCCESS! YOU KNOW WOOZY!

PLASTIC MAN

I'D HAVE BROUGHT THESE TWO FRIENDS TOGETHER THEN, IF I COULD, BUT WHAT COULD A POOR BILLBOARD DO?

STILL, I WASN'T EXACTLY *IGNORED!* AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

"...TWO MEN WERE *FIGHTING* OVER LITTLE *ME!* WOO-WOO!"

AS PRESIDENT OF THE HAVA-COLA COMPANY, I DEMAND THAT YOU RENT ME THE BILLBOARD! IGNORE THIS WINDBAG!

BAH! AS PRESIDENT OF THE COOLA-COLA COMPANY, *I'M* ENTITLED TO IT! KICK THIS LAMEBRAIN OUT, GRIGGS, AND...

AUDITIONS WILL BE HELD AT THE OUTDOOR BILLBOARD THAT IS

LAMEBRAIN, AM I?

YEH!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!

WINDBAG, HAH?

YEH!

KEEP OUT OF THIS, GRIGGS! YOU ONLY *OWN* THE BILLBOARD!

EXCUSE ME!

WHO ARE *YOU?*

MR. MEEK, MY JUNIOR PARTNER, GENTLEMEN! MR. HOLLER, OF THE COOLA-COLA COMPANY, AND MR. YALL OF THE HAVA-COLA COMPANY!

'S PLEASURE, M'SURE!

INSTEAD OF FIGHTING OVER OUR LAST BILLBOARD, GENTLEMEN, WHY DON'T YOU SETTLE IT BY *FLIPPING?*

NOT A BAD IDEA, MEEK!

A *SPLENDID* IDEA, IN FACT!

ULP!

KLUNK!

HE'S FLIPPED! GET OUT YOUR CONTRACT SO WE CAN GET STARTED PUTTING UP MY NEW TWENTY-FOUR SHEET POSTER!

HFFFF. BFFFF @#%*!! &%?%#*!

ALL RIGHT FOR YOU... BUT I WARN YOU... YOU'LL NEVER REAP ANY BENEFIT FROM *MY* BILL BOARD! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

BLTH-TH-THT!

ON YOUR FEET, YOU TWO! WE FINALLY RENTED THAT WHITE ELEPHANT ON THE LANE BUILDING! GET UP THERE AND POST IT RIGHT AWAY!

BZZZZZ. BLUPPP! HUH? O-OKAY, BOSS! RIGHT AWAY!

YAWWWN... I WUZ DREAMIN' I WUZ A PLAYBOY.... AND THEN I HADDA WAKE UP FER *THIS!*

YEAH! THIS IS SURE DULL! I WISH'T SUMP'N WOULD HAPPEN FER A CHANGE!

"SOMETHING WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN... BUT I WAS POWERLESS TO WARN THEM OF THEIR PERIL!

HEY, YUH DRIP! GETCHER BIG FEET OFF THE GAL'S STUMMICK, SO'S I C'N PASTE IT!

"THERE I WAS, A HELPLESS, HORRIFIED BILLBOARD... WHILE GRIM TRAGEDY STRUCK!"

BOOO!

GLURK!

YOUUU!

EEEEEEEEEAAAAA

I GUESS IT'S NO USE! I'M... MERCIFUL MEATBALLS! A MAN FALLING FROM THAT SKYSCRAPER BILLBOARD!

THIS WILL TRY MY SKILL TO THE UTMOST!

HA-ALLP!

WHOOOO!

WHUMMPPP! MADE IT!

WAIT! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT MADE YOU FALL!

HELP! EEEAHHH! GET HIM AWAY! STOP HIM!

YIIII! I DON'T WANNA FALL! STOP HIM! OWITCH! STOP!

HA-HA! HAAAAA!

GOOD GRAVY! A FIEND AT WORK! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

OIIIK! PLASTIC MAN! IT'S TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE!

NOT SO FAST, YOU BLACK MONSTER! I WANT AN EXPLANATION!

HA-HAAA! THAT RAT WILL NEVER ADVERTISE HIS HOGWASH ON THIS BILLBOARD!

HALP! I'M FALLING...

OMIGOSH!

HE'S ESCAPING...AND I CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT UNTIL THIS POOR BILL-POSTER IS SAFE!

SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT, PLASTIC MAN! BUT I'LL BE BACK! YEEA-HA!HA!HA!

"YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW I FELT! I WAS WEAK WITH RELIEF!"

NOW HE'S FAINTED! I'D BETTER GO STRAIGHT TO THE BILLBOARD COMPANY AND FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MAD MESS!

LATER...IN THE OFFICE OF THE F.B.I...

HE'S A LIAR! HE DID IT TO STOP ME FROM ADVERTISING MY BETTER DRINK ON THE BILLBOARD!

DON'T LISTEN TO THAT CRAZY GOAT! HE DID IT HIMSELF TO FRAME ME BECAUSE HE KNOWS MY DRINK IS BETTER! ARREST HIM!

OH, FOR HEAVENS' SAKE!

THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE, CHIEF! I MOVE WE SEND THESE TWO HOME WITH A WARNING TO STAY PUT!

ANYTHING TO GET THIS YA-TA-TA-TA OUT OF MY EARS!

AND DON'T LET ME HEAR OF YOUR TRYING TO LEAVE TOWN, EITHER OF YOU, UNTIL THIS IS STRAIGHTENED OUT!

WHE-EW! IS THAT EVER A RELIEF!

GRIGGS, I CAN HARDLY SEE WHY YOU'D SABOTAGE YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SO I'M LETTING YOU AND MEEK GO! BUT STAY HANDY!

Y-YES, SIR! THANK YOU, SIR!

FOR ALL THEIR BLUSTER, CHIEF, I CAN'T QUITE SEE HOLLER AND YALL AS MURDERERS! THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS SOMEWHERE!

I AGREE, PLASTIC MAN! NOR CAN I FIGURE ANY MOTIVE FOR GRIGGS AND HIS PARTNER TO RUIN THEMSELVES THAT WAY!

YET YOU SAY THAT HOODED FIEND SPOKE OF... *PLASTIC MAN, WHAT ARE YOU REACHING FOR OUT THERE?*

FBI

:SIGH: NOTHING, CHIEF!

I JUST THOUGHT WOOZY MIGHT HAVE RELENTED AND COME BACK TO LISTEN AT THE KEYHOLE AS HE USED TO!

I GIVE UP!

Meanwhile...

SINCE OUR TWO POSTERS QUIT, I'VE GOT TO GET OTHERS TO FINISH THE JOB!

HELLO, BILL-POSTER'S ASSOCIATION? I WANT TO HIRE TWO POSTERS TO FINISH A BILL-BOARD... A RUSH JOB!

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, GRIGGS! WE ALL HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED ON THE LANE BUILDING AND WE AIN'T HAVIN' NONE OF IT!

BILL POSTERS ASSOCIATION

YOU COULDN'T GET A POSTER UP ON ONE OF YOUR BILL-BOARDS FOR LOVE OR MONEY! GOOD BYE!

OH, MY! MY GOODNESS!

BANG!

TCH! TCH! WITHOUT ANYONE TO POST OUR BILLBOARDS, WE'LL HAVE TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS!

GRRR! I WON'T GIVE UP! I'LL HIRE AMATEURS WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! PUT AN AD IN THE WINDOW RIGHT AWAY!

BIG PAY EASY WORK APPLY INSIDE

A FINE THING! I HAVE TO GET A JOB BECAUSE THAT FAT JERK ATE ME OUT OF BUSINESS! IF I GET MY HANDS ON HIM, I'LL.. OH! OH! "BIG PAY AND EASY WORK!" MAYBE I'D BETTER INQUIRE!

EXCUSE ME! I SAW YOUR SIGN AND WONDERED IF..

YOU'RE HIRED!

few minutes later....

HMM! I WONDER IF THAT WOULD INTEREST A MAN OF MY TALENTS! I'M IN THE MARKET FOR A CAREER RIGHT NOW!

WHAT SAY WE INQUIRE, FRIEND! NO CHARGE FOR THAT!

BIG PAY EASY WORK APPLY INSIDE

MALTES

DRUGS

ALL FILMS

HMM ... I ONLY NEED ONE BUT I'LL HIRE YOU BOTH! THEN IF ONE FALLS ... I MEAN *FALLS* DOWN ON THE JOB, I'VE STILL GOT TWO!

PLAS'LL TAKE BACK WHAT HE SAID WHEN HE FINDS I'VE GONE INTO ADVERTISING AS A CAREER!

GO RIGHT ON UP, MEN! THE OTHER FELLOW I HIRED IS UP THERE NOW! HE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!

NOW, WAIT! I THOUGHT I MADE IT CLEAR I WAS THE EXECUTIVE TYPE!

"I HAD SEEN SOMETHING THEY OVER-LOOKED ... AND I WAS POWERLESS TO WARN THEM OF WHAT LAY AHEAD!"

AH! I WAS SMART TO LOCATE THIS EMPTY OFFICE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET!

WITH THIS SILENCED RIFLE I CAN PICK THEM OFF, ONE BY ONE, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW WHERE THE SHOTS CAME FROM!

AHHH! THAT FAT ONE WILL MAKE A SPLENDID TARGET! I'LL GET HIM FIRST!

WHEN I GET THROUGH, NOBODY'LL DARE USE THAT BILLBOARD .... EVER!

IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT SOME HELP UP....

YOU! THE GUY WHO RUINED ME!

OH, HULLO... =ULP=

HAA-A! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I'VE DREAMED OF THIS MOMENT, YOU ONE-MAN FAMINE!

NOW... NOW...

BOYS! BOYS! PLEASE!

I'M ONLY SORRY THIS ISN'T FULL OF MELTED LEAD!

YI-I-III... UB... BLUB... GLUG GAHHH!

Se#★★!!#★!! HOLD STILL! @#★★!!&★! HOLD STILL!

BWAAAAA! HOW CAN I SHOOT SOMEBODY WHEN HE KEEPS MOVING?

COME BACK AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN, YOU WALRUS!

WAIT, FELLOWS, CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?

BOYS! AFTER YOU'VE POSTED THE BILLBOARD! PLEEEASE!

%#La***!!! I'LL SHUT MY EYES AND SHOOT! I'M BOUND TO HIT SOMEBODY!

PLOP! PLOP!

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

DOWN, EVERYBODY! WE'RE CLAY PIGEONS FOR SOMEBODY!

PLAS!

HE'S USING A SILENCED RIFLE... BUT, LUCKILY, THE GUN-FLASHES SHOW!

YIIIIKE! PLASTIC MAN! YOU WON'T GET ME WITHOUT A STRUGGLE!

SILLY BOY! THERE'S NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A GOOD STRUGGLE!

THOUGH YOU COULDN'T REALLY CALL *THIS* A STRUGGLE!

AWRK!

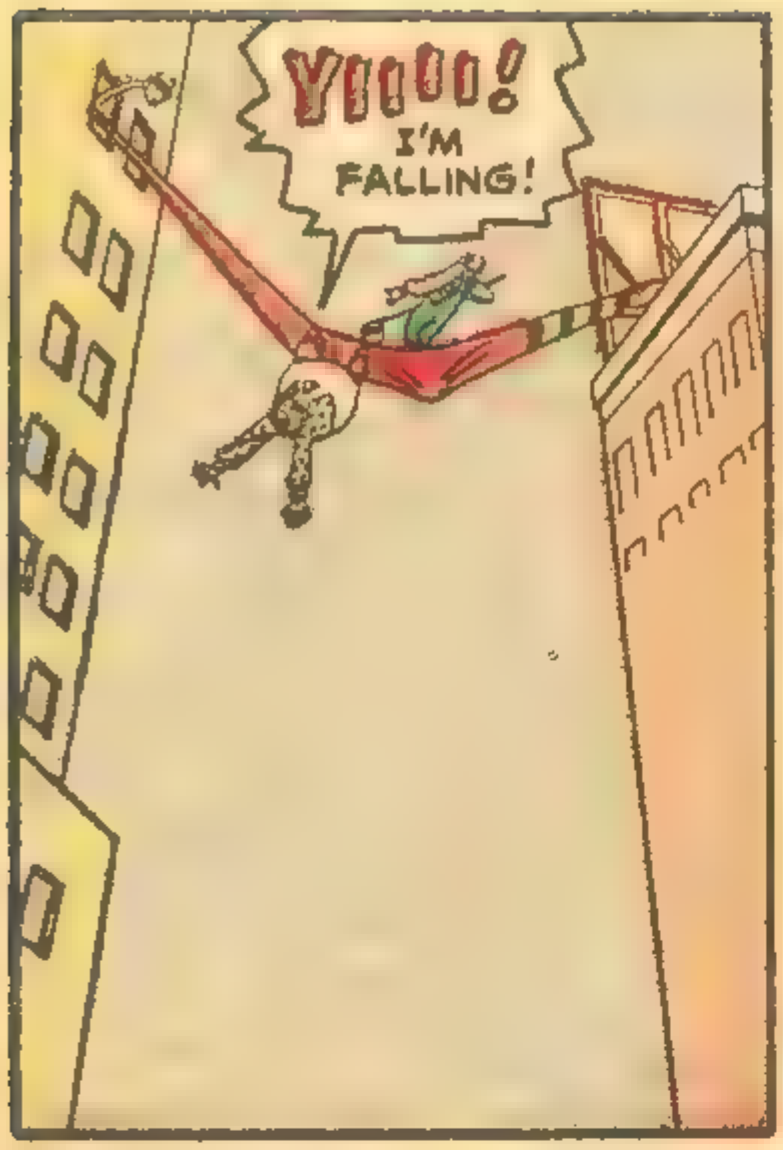
WELL, OF ALL THINGS...

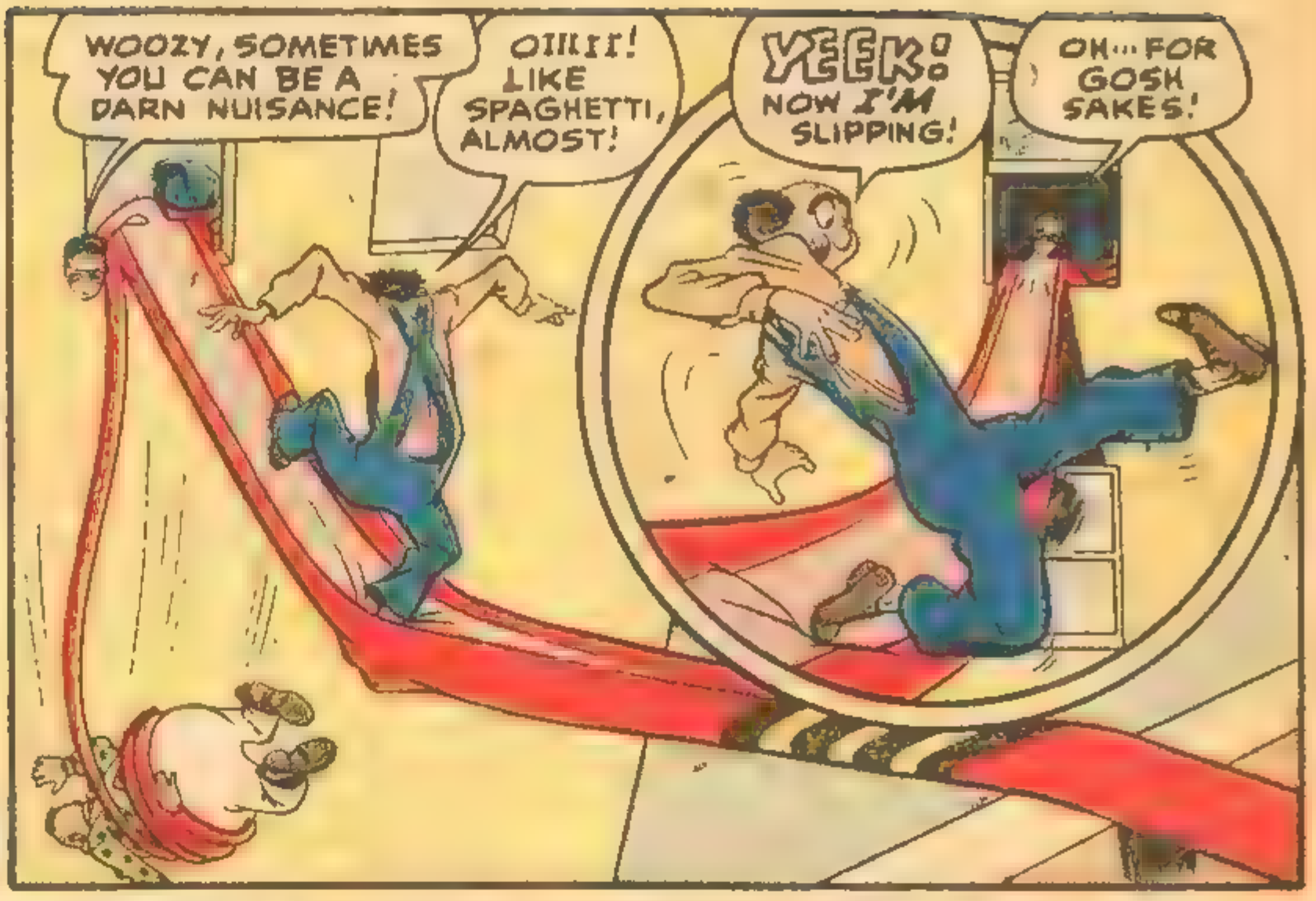
NOW LISTEN... YOU'RE GOING A LITTLE BIT TOO FAR!

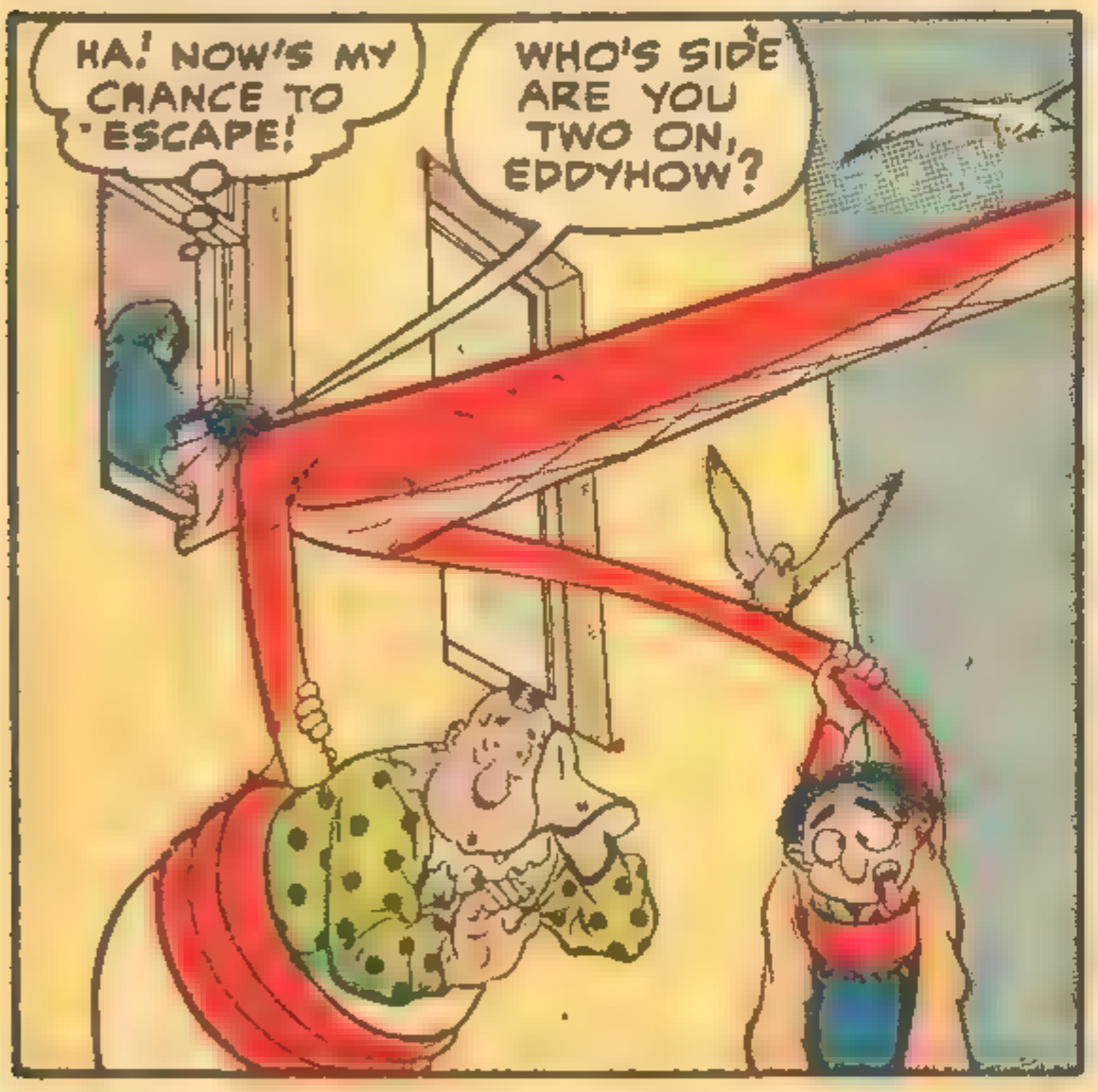
HALLIP! PLAS!

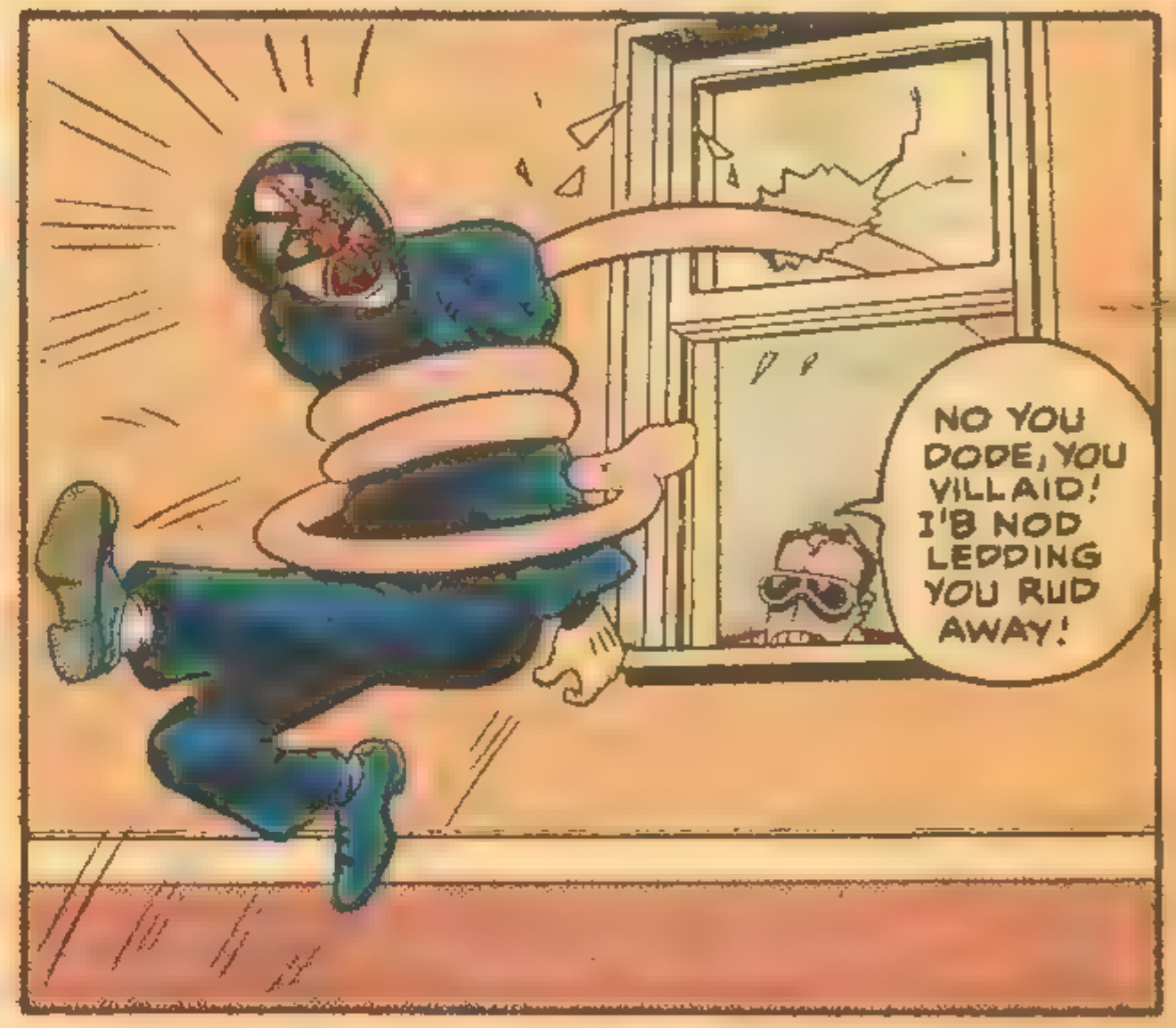
YOU WON'T ESCAPE THIS TIME!

PLASTIC MAN

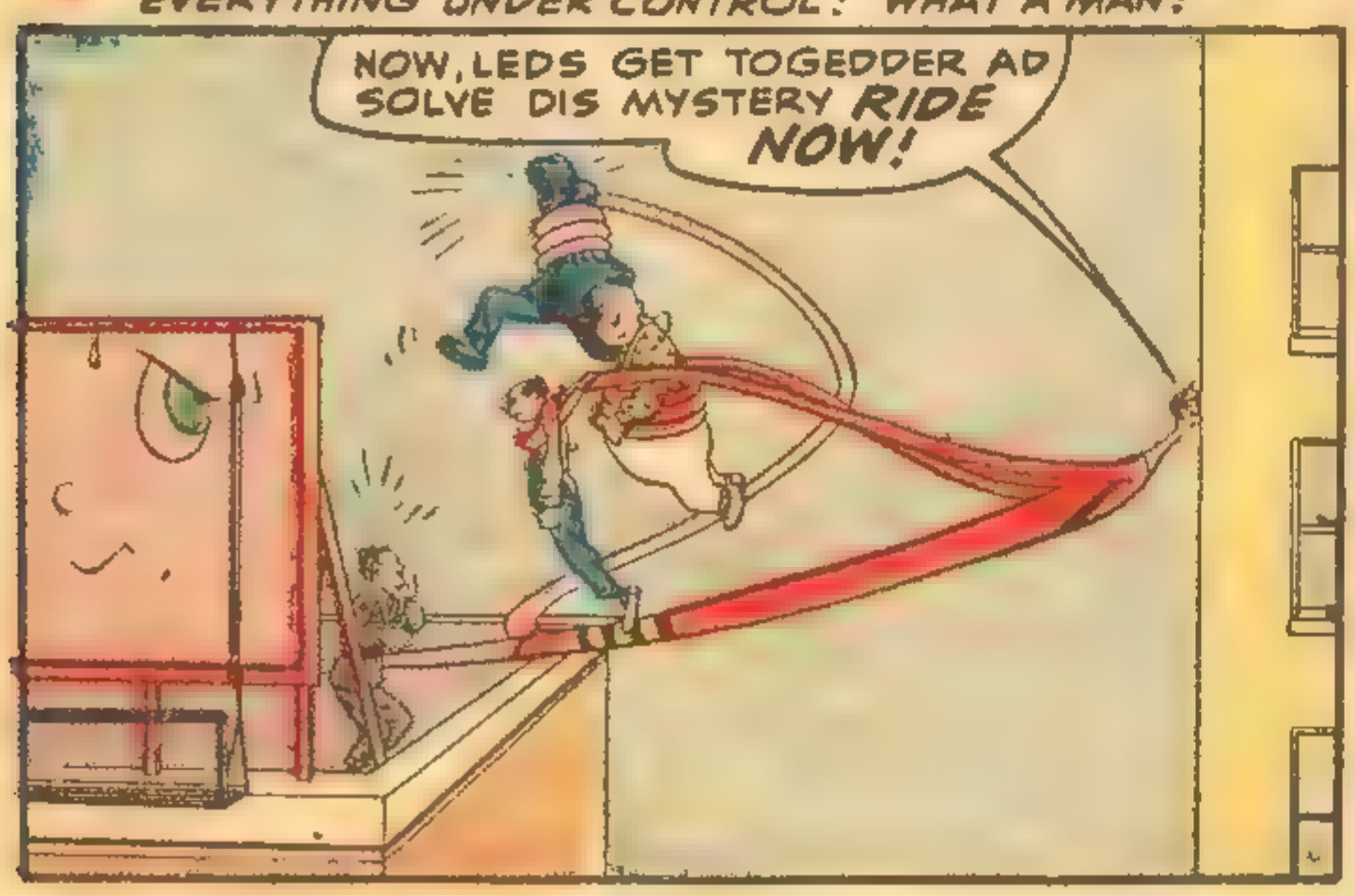








"I THOUGHT I'D DIE, UNTIL I SAW PLASTIC MAN HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL! WHAT A MAN!"



WHAT? WHY, IT'S MY JUNIOR PARTNER, MEEK!
I FELT SURE IT WAS HE! HE WAS THE LEAST OBVIOUS SUSPECT... BUT THE ONE WITH THE BEST OPPORTUNITY!
13

OKAY! I FIGURED IF I COULD RUIN THE BUSINESS, YOU'D GET OUT AND LET ME HAVE THE WHOLE BILLBOARD COMPANY! I'D HAVE CLEANED UP!

AS IT IS, YOU GOT CLEANED UP!

OKAY, MY FRIEND... IT'S A DEAL!

PLAS, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW I'M GOING INTO BUSINESS WITH MY FRIEND HERE! WE'RE OPENING A RESTAURANT ACROSS FROM F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!

SPLENDID, WOOZY! THEN I TAKE BACK ALL THAT I SAID... AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL THE F.B.I. BUSINESS!

Later...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF! MEEK WANTED TO RUIN GRIGGS SO HE COULD BUY OUT HIS INTEREST FOR A SONG

GOOD WORK, PLAS! BUT WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO HAPPY ABOUT? IT WAS JUST ANOTHER CASE!

IT'ISN'T THAT, CHIEF! I'M JUST HAPPY BECAUSE WOOZY'S REALLY REFORMED!

FBI

PRIVATE

BUT HOW ABOUT THE BILLBOARD? IF NEITHER HOLLER NOR YALL COULD AGREE ON WHO GOT IT....

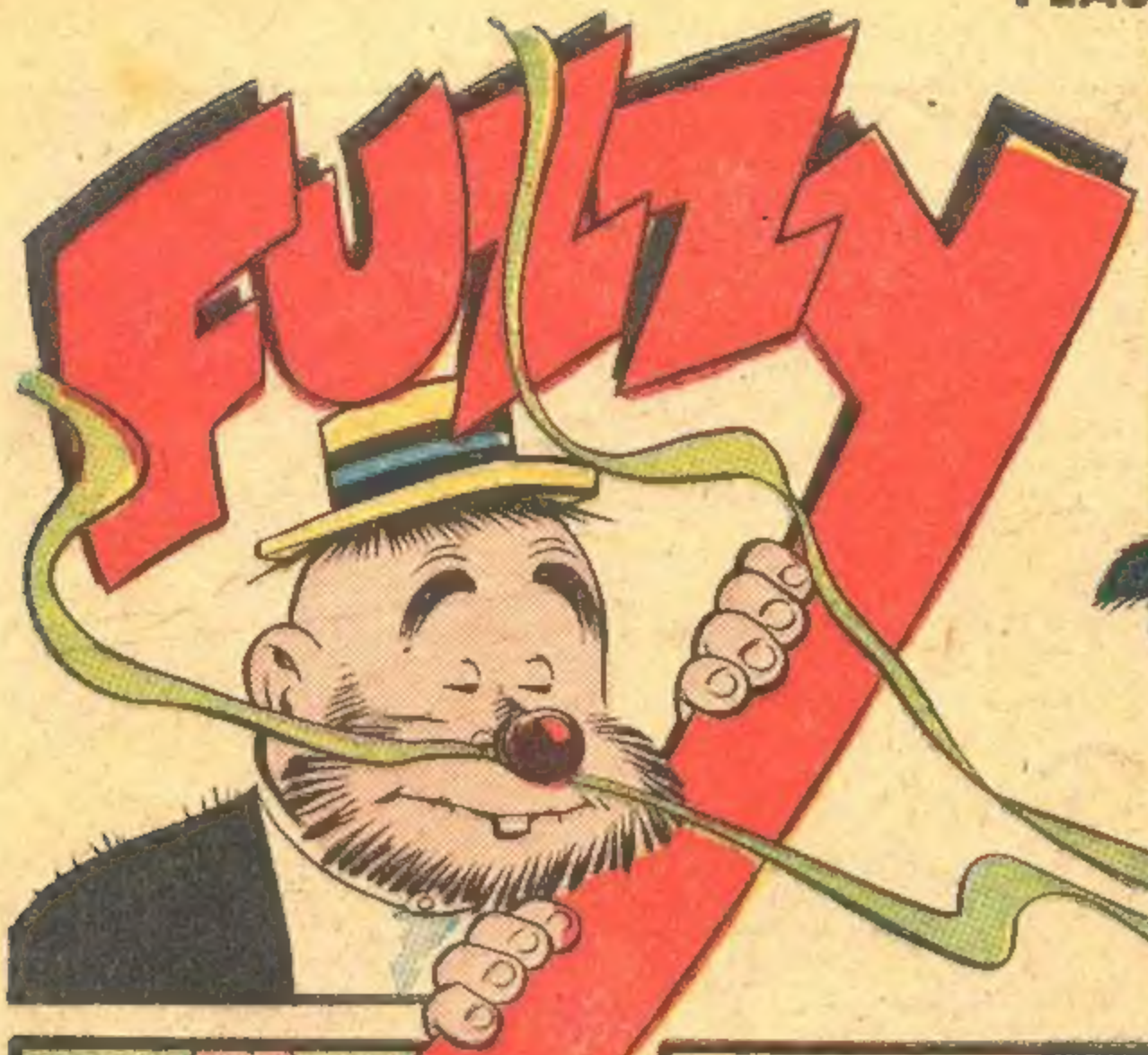
I'LL SHOW YOU, CHIEF! GRIGGS GOT A NEW PERMANENT CONTRACT!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, PLASTIC MAN!

STAY HEALTHY Eat at WINKS & GINKS RESTAURANT

SO I'M NOT LONELY NOW... BUT I CAN'T HELP WONDERING HOW LONG THE RESTAURANT WILL BE IN BUSINESS, EVEN WITH *ME* DOING THE ADVERTISING!

FUZZY



LOCAL HEALTH WEEK
$100.00 PRIZE FOR THE CLEANEST PERSON IN TOWN! TAKE A BATH AND APPLY AT TOWN HALL!
HMM! FER A HUNNERT BUCKS, EVEN I WOULD TAKE A BATH!

P.U!
JUDGE
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
THIS GARLIC EXTRACT OUGHT TO SWING THE CONTEST IN MY FAVOR!

OHHH! I NEVER SAW SUCH AN EVEN CONTEST! EVERYONE SMELLS!
N-NEXT!

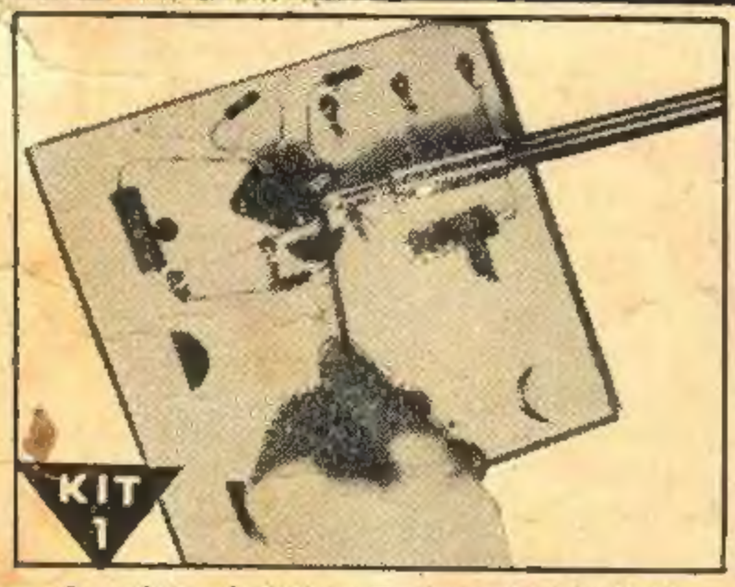
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO ISN'T OFFENSIVE! AS FIRST PRIZE WINNER, TELL THESE P.U. PLENTIES HOW YOU MANAGE TO SMELL SO SWEET!
WELL, IT ISN'T. EASY!
SNIFF
SNIFF

I NEVER COULD REACH ME BACK TO WASH, SO I JUST PLANTED PETUNIAS IN THE TOP SOIL! HERE, TAKE A WHIFF!
HUH?
JUDGE

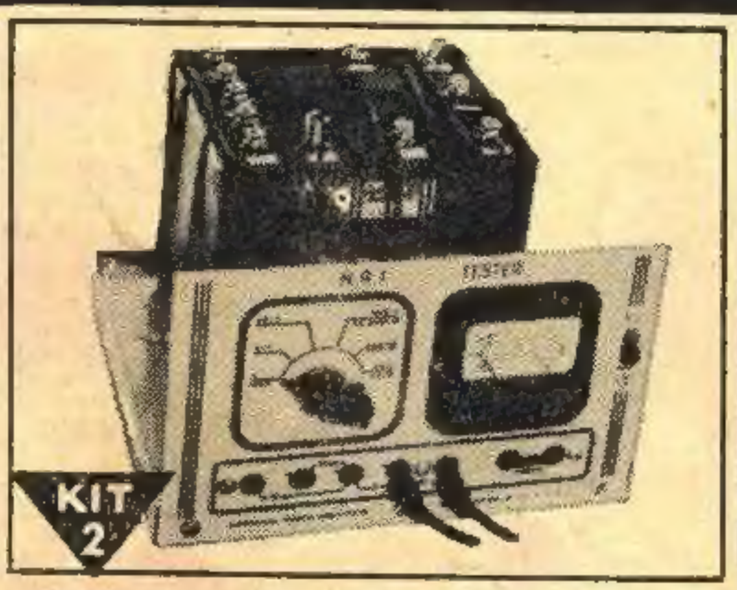
CITY LIMITS
OH, WELL, MEBBE I KIN COP A PRIZE AT THE FLOWER SHOW NEXT WEEK!

I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

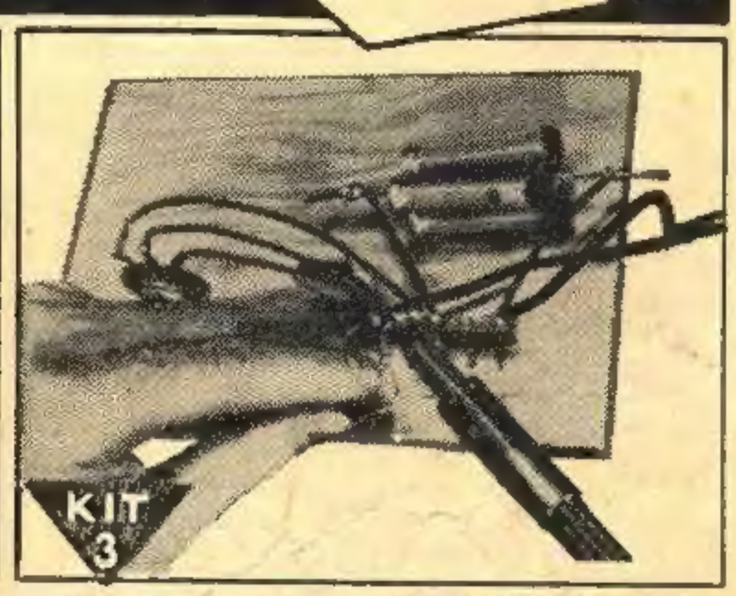
I Send You Big Kits of Radio Parts



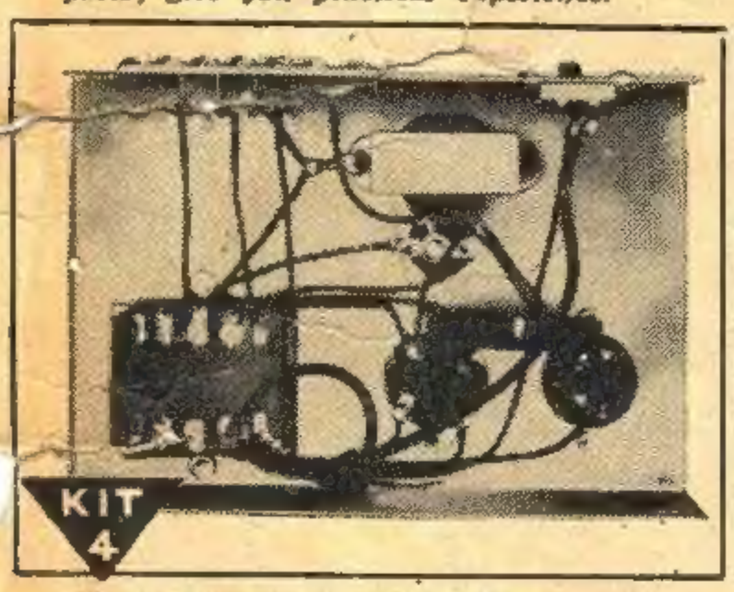
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



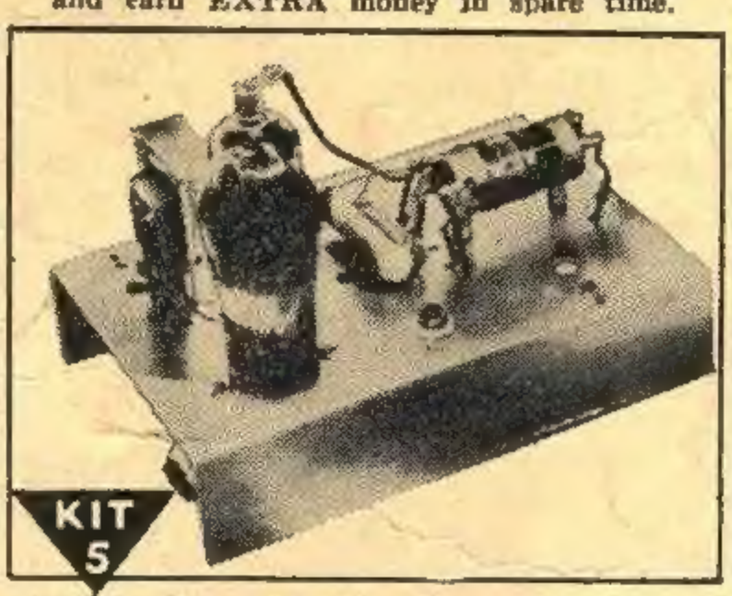
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N. R. I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio

KNOW RADIO—*Win Success*

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APPROVED for training under G.I. BILL

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Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even *greater* opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus $1.00 extra.

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"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order of American seeds

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Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET
Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.

A big, husky HUNTING KNIFE, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order

DRESSER SET
FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order. of American seeds

PEN & PENCIL SET

A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.

STURDY AXE, with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds

Swivel Head Flashlight

"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds

ROY ROGERS GUN WITH HOLSTER SET AND 12 FOOT ROPE LARIAT

Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of ROY ROGERS' own Gun, with ...icking hammer and twirlin... cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, $1.50 e...tra.

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